PS 3347
.W5 M6

MODERN IDEAS

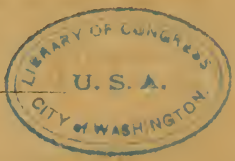
IN

PROSE AND POETRY,

DICTATED BY THE TRUE SPIRIT,

With a Short Biographical Sketch of the Author,

BY WILLIAM WITHINGTON.



PORTLAND:
PRINTED BY BROWN THURSTON,
1854.

PS3347
.W5M6

PREFACE.

A Biographical Sketch of the Author, together with a few pieces of Original Poetry dictated by invisible Spirits, who he believes once inhabited houses of clay, the same as any of my readers with myself now possess. And as it is, and I hope will ever be, my aim to do good, I would charitably hope all who may read this small book, will give it an important and candid hearing, or reading, either phrase you wish to use. Whatever imperfections you find, please to pass them over, considering yourself liable to imperfections and mistakes. By writing the following pages it is not, or ever has it been my object to injure any one either in person or property—considering all to be under the inspection of the great Author of our Being. In this book is contained four distinct subjects: Temperance, Anti-Slavery, against Popery and in favor of Spiritual Communication, which I hold very near and dear to me.

Entered According to Act of Congress, August 14, 1854, by
WILLIAM WITHINGTON,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Maine.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

As some of our readers may wish to know where the author of this book came from, I will give it in short and concise as possible. He was born in Wrentham, Mass., County of Norfolk, Feb. 26th, 1785. I was the oldest son of three boys and one sister, who died in infancy. My father's name was Robert Withington—my mother's name was Dolly Hunt, and they emigrated to the District, now State of Maine about the year 1788, to the town of Monmouth in Kennebec County, where my mother died in about five or six years, I cannot tell which. I think I might have been eight years old. Soon after my father married again, and as I was the oldest had to work out, when I became old enough, and that was when I was about ten years of age. The country was then a wilderness and I had to suffer considerable on account of poverty; but being rather of a quick and sprightly turn I managed quite well, and sometimes I was what people call home-sick, for we all loved our home, which is quite natural, I suppose for all boys as I was. When about sixteen or thereabouts, I was bound out as an apprentice to the Tanner and Cordwainer, to a Mr. Joseph Ham at what was then called the Forks of the Roads in Hallowell,

about four miles from the settlement on the Kennebec river. I continued with him until 1806. I had but what we call a common school education. And in a country like this, had but about 3 months in the year, until I was old enough to be put out as an apprentice. My master emigrated from New Hampshire, I think it was either Newmarket or New Durham, I am unable at present to say. But suffice it to say at least, I know what it is to suffer. Boys at the present day know but little about suffering; but I have had, I think, quite a share of suffering; but not to be too lengthy in this small work, I will come short-handed as the saying is. I shall not go into detail of a long yarn as some of our modern folks say. When I was 21, or free from servitude, I then came home with my father to live again, and staid with him until April following. Then let myself to one Reuben Brainard in Winthrop near the line of Winthrop and Hallowell, and worked with him one month, and then worked with one Prescott shoemaking, where I continued until June, 1806, then worked with one Gilman, Sadler and Harnessmaker, at what is called East Winthrop. That year the total eclipse of the sun took place, and I still remember the gloom it cast over creation. It was a clear day. I think it was the 6th of June. This year Purrington destroyed all his family, but one son, himself included. I was at that solemn funeral about all day, and while there learned something about human nature, and have never since that day forgot that transaction, or ever shall while I have my reason, and I hope that will be

forever while I live in this transitory world. I then went home to Monmouth and worked on the farm with my father until the month of August—then for the first time since I left Wrentham, returned there on a visit to see my friends, and found but few, as death had made inroads in our family. I then went to work with my father's brother in the town of Medford, where I staid until September—then went to Brunswick to work at shoemaking, where I got acquainted with quite a number of families, on what is called Mequoit Bay. There I staid until the embargo came on. The next summer I was drafted from the militia to stand in readiness at a moment's warning to serve six months. I then went to Belfast on Penobscot Bay, to work with one Avery until the next June, or the first of July, when I with quite a number of young men about my age, on the fourth of July, enlisted in the U. S. Light Artilery for a term of five years. In that time got married to a young widow of Capt. Wm. Rich, when I had by her twelve children, 4 sons and 8 daughters, six of them died in infancy, 5 daughters and one son—two survived the dead until one was eighteen and the other twenty, and I followed them all to the grave, the house appointed for the living. I might with propriety say all, but I do not profess to know even that, but I have great reason to believe it. My dear companion has been in the spirit land four years on the 22d of September next. I led a happy life with her almost 40 years, the most of that time in the city of Portland. I lived about 11 months with her in the

town of Monmouth, with my father and in the winter of 1814 removed to Portland, where I have lived the most of the time. In 1816 we both made a public profession of the religion of our Savior, and joined the christian church under Elder Samuel Rand, and by him were baptized by immersion, that being the mode which we both believed to be right. About the year 1828, I commenced writing dogrel poetry, and at seasons continued until this day. About the year 1839 on my knees before Almighty God, I made this petition to Him, requesting him to quicken my pen aright, and I have great reason to believe that he has granted my request, by some of my writings, that have long, long since gone to the wind. Within 3 years I have believed in what some call spirit-rappings, or as I call it spirit communications, and as astonishing as it is to many, I fully believe it is no less than the spirit communications of some of our dear friends—although some call it the devil's work, or magnetism, or mesmerism, electricity, and the like, still it confirms my mind the stronger, the more people say about it. If it is wrong, the less they say, the sooner it will die away of itself. My advice is for the people to say less, if they wish to stop it, if not, say as much against it as you please—I love it and the more I see of it—if it is substantiated by the Holy Word of God, I shall hold on according to the communication I had from her and my two dear daughters. I feel quite confident that I shall soon be with them in the spirit land, where all my troubles and sorrows will be at an end, for we read

in God's Word, there the wicked cease from troubling and our weary souls will forever be at rest, and I firmly believe that I shall have to close this biographical sketch by wishing all my patrons the prosperity that this world can give them, and that is but transitory. I shall put in this small work a few pieces of original poetry, with some short pieces of prose. Some I have written on the subject is in the paper I edited, called the Lawrence Blazing Star, one thousand copies of which have gone to the world, and many have been looking for another edition and they will see one if I have any more printed—and as we joined that paper with the Pictorial Battle Axe, we hope at no great distance of time to come out with another edition, and hope it will do good, for that is our motto. In doing that it is my motive by writing this book to do good—for the Scripture says, to do good and communicate, forget not for with such sacrifices, God is well pleased, and I believe the Holy Word of God let others do or say as they please. You will observe that in this book, there will be four subjects, one on Anti-Slavery, one on Popery, one on Temperance, and the other on Spiritual Communications. The first will be on Temperance, and as I do not profess to know grammar, my friends will please excuse me if it is not quite so grammatical as some books are. But we will try to do the best that we can to edify our patrons We would take this opportunity to thank them for all former favors, and still hope for a continuance of those favors.

WILLIAM WITHINGTON.

Lawrence, Mass., June, 1854.

A few pieces written in Portland in July, while on a visit to see my children and friends, which may be interesting to some of my patrons, on each sabbath in the month of July.

This morning, I am here in Maine,
In Portland where I have lived before,
The holy sabbath once again—
It has commenced with us once more.

This is the second of July,
In eighteen hundred fifty-four—
This is the day as often I
Have said, we never had before.

Then let us in God's house appear,
And worship Him who made us all;
But then we should throughout the year,
Be obedient to our Savior's call,

That when he calls on us we may,
Be ready to obey the call;
And if we do we say,
We shall do right either great or small.

Will the spirits now dictate me,
While I am writing sabbath noon;

For the benefit of people,
That I address this afternoon.

May those who heard me this morning,
Near the center of this place;
And from me take solemn warning,
I say this before your face.

There were some heard me this morning,
Never may hear me again;
And I hope they will take warning,
From me in the State of Maine.

I very soon expect to leave you,
And return to the Bay State;
Now what you say I must believe them
If truth, from either small or great.

The spirits now are all around us,
In this city where you dwell;
But remember I have told you,
There are places worse than hell.

Now I warn this congregation,
For to leave those places, then;
And while we live in this nation,
To be good know-nothing men.

This sabbath morning has begun,
The sixteenth of July;

We may before one month from this,
Be with our friends on high.

In Boston just one month ago,
I was writing sabbath day—
This day will soon be gone we know,
This will not always stay.

For time is passing very swift,
We soon shall see the last;
For days, and weeks, and months and years,
With all of us have past.

Some of our friends have left us here,
This we all understand;
And are now in one of the spheres,
Safe in the spirit land.

Then let us live for God to-day,
And worship him aright;
Then we in safety can lay down,
And rest our limbs at night.

But if we pass our time away,
Regardless of God's laws;
The judge will punish us we say,
Our sins will be the cause.

Our friends who have left us and gone
Into this spirit land:
Would tell us now if they could speak,
This they well understand.

Now I can tell you all to-day,
Whether aged or the youth ;
To love the Lord his laws obey,
Receive and love the truth.

Another holy sabbath day,
With all will quickly pass away :
When all our days are spent below,
To God our spirits then will go.

There we shall be with angels bright,
And saints who now are clothed in white ;
Some of them are with us to-day,
And watching all we do or say.

Tis now the twenty-third we know
Of July, when to church some go ;
And may they hear the gospel sound,
In eighteen fifty-four all around.

May all who love that sound attend,
To the sweet voice of their best friend,
Until their spirits shall arise,
To join those spirits in the skies.

There we shall see as we are seen—
Then we shall know what these things mean,
For God will guide us there we say,
In one eternal sabbath day.

This summer with us, soon will pass,
For man is like the tender grass,
Or like the morning dew they say.
And both will quickly pass away.

That beauty we see all around,
Upon the trees or on the ground;
The rose and lily both will be,
Laid low the same as you and me.

Let us God's goodness contemplate,
For that we know is very great—
He made all that we now behold,
And worlds around us yet untold.

This is the thirtieth of July,
To God's command we must comply,
And on this holy Sabbath day,
The voice of God we must obey.

The Word of God it is the truth,
Embrace it now while in your youth,
For when God calls on you by death,
You must give up your vital breath.

Now is the time the Scriptures say,
Embrace it while it is to-day,
For there will be a night of death,
As sure as you have got your breath.

Consider now God's ways be wise,
And his good precepts always prize,
That when your days are done below,
To God your spirit then will go.

But if your time is spent in toys,
Instead of holy, heavenly joys,
You must lay down in sorrow then,
The same as all ungodly men.

The Lord will save the Godly here,
From hell and sin which many fear ;
And when their sins are all forgiven,
Will take them home with him to Heaven.

Then take God's Word to be your guide,
Your earthly wants will be supplied ;
His spirit will direct the way,
And guide you to eternal day.

Last sabbath some were here we know,
Whose bodies have gone down below,
We trust their spirits are above,
With God whose name we read in love.

In there we read they are freed from sin,
And where no pain will enter in ;
And many here with us to-day,
Before one year will pass away.

TEMPERANCE.

——

The Temperance cause,
Is on the decline,
In Boston, the city
Where virtue should shine.

But rum has degraded,
This place since last fall,
And when we say that,
We have not told you all.

There is all sorts of vice,
That is done in this place,
Which in this fine city,
We think is a disgrace.

There's drunkenness and gambling,
And murder done here,
Where temperance should triumph,
Throughout all the year.

Confusion and riots
In this city are found,
And blood often shed
On the pavement or ground.

And where it will end,
We certain can't tell,
Until we arrive at our home,
Heaven or Hell.

These lines may seem harsh,
To some it is true,
Unless in the same light,
As the subject we view.

For as we view the subject,
Rum never will save,
A drunkard from going
To an untimely grave.

They may preach up the
Practice of drinking strong beer,
Or gin, rum or brandy,
Of cheap kind or dear.

And many believe
It is good for their health,
Although it destroys
Both their reason and wealth.

Will the spirits now dictate,
My heart, hand and pen,
In the good cause of temperance,
Among women and men.

And may it enlighten
The youth of our land,
And cause them to join,
In our good temperance band.

We know some love doctrines,
By day or by night,

That will suit exactly,
Their own appetite.

And somê will take Scripture,
To prove to your face,
That drinking rum never
Will be a disgrace.

Now what says the spirit,
Of such men as these,
That will drink, curse and swear,
And do as they please.

Now here in old Boston,
The head of our State,
We have seen such we tell you,
And that very late.

When we see such men,
We think they are vain,
We hope there's no worse then,
In our old State of Maine.

So we leave this with you,
To read if you can,
It will show you the folly
Of poor sinful man.

We will lay by our pen,
Until we have time,
We hope to give more soon,
In prose or in rhyme.

We thank you for favors,
Though ever so small,
And if you wish more,
Just give us a call.

——

This morning is pleasant,
And the sun it shines clear,
And it is not a long time,
That we shall stay here.

And if by the spirits,
That I am now led,
I shall soon see the harbor,
Of all Marblehead.

Then farewell to Boston,
This city we think,
Is filled up with hell holes,
Where they keep rum to drink.

Where many we know,
Their money will spend,
And do not consider,
What will be their last end.

We hope to have men,
City offices to fill,
Who will aim at the root,
Of this monster to kill.

Until then we shall
Have disturbances here,
While they sell brandy, rum,
Gin, wine, or strong beer

We do wish success,
To the good Temperance Cause,
And hope honest men,
Will regard our good laws.

And if we return,
To this city again,
We hope to see virtue,
And peace here to reign.

A short piece against Popery. From the Pope down to all under his jurisdiction, in every church of Rome—let it be in what part of the world you please to have it, you will observe it is on what they say the church is founded—and that is on Saint Peter, who they say has got the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. to admit of none but Roman Catholics—all the rest are heretics, that are not Roman Catholics—so they say, or, at least, most all, there are some few exceptions. The lines of poetry are on what they say, but if we read history, we find it is, as some say, more truth than poetry. Read the poetry.

They say many now in glory,
Were prayed out of Purgatory,

By the priest who wore the robe,
To send them to another globe.

When one dies, the rest are thinking,
About the wake where they 'll be drinking,
And they keep it up, they say,
Often till the break of day.

At such places some delight in,
Where they get black eyes by fighting—
Such church members we should think
Love the places best where they drink.

The church of Rome as we now view it—
We don't wish to belong to it.
To a christian 'tis disgrace,
To belong to such a place

They say 'tis founded on St. Peter,
Who like them was mortal creature—
They say the keys to him were given,
For them alone to unlock Heaven.

They say the priest can consecrate,
The bread and wine they drink and eat,
Into the real flesh and blood,
Of the eternal Son of God.

We find their creed is all delusion,
And in our cities make confusion,
And if we now had only time,
We'd bring their whole creed into rhyme.

We find they all are superstitious,
And many of them are malicious,
And if their priest but says the word,
They are ready now to wield the sword.

They say the Pope is coming over,
Then they'll live like pigs in clover;
But we guess he'll rue the day,
If he comes to America.

There's many of us here who know,
The Pope sent over his Nuncio—
But in the States he could not stay,
And he was glad to get away.

This is the way of all we hope,
Who put their trust in the old Pope;
We hope they'll leave our happy shore,
And never come here any more.

There's many of our friends are fond,
To read these lines, and will respond,
To every word they know 'tis truth,
They've known it from their very youth.

JUNE 10. This morning we take our pen in hand to write a few moments, and it is now a quarter past five, A. M. and we hope that the spirits will dictate us as they have done in some of our former pieces—and also hope they have in all that is written in this book. The

next is one written in Boston, this 10th day of June, by some good spirit, I have not the least doubt.

Behold I am here in Boston,
Upon the tenth of June,
Where canary birds are singing
From morning until noon.

The people here are busy
From morning until night,
Though many in this city,
Drink, gamble, swear and fight.

There are Greeks enough in Boston,
I have often heard some say,
If they were joined by negroes,
To drive us all away.

But we hope there are Yankees,
In this place to be found,
That will not suffer Greeks or Jews,
To trample freedom down.

Our freedom cost us very dear,
As often we are told,
And we have nothing now to fear,
But Popery and Gold.

For gold and silver has destroyed
Some nations as they say,
And that is powerful stuff we know,
To take our rights away.

Then let us be upon our guard,
As freemen always should,
And have the sign of know-nothing
Completely understood.

That if there is rebellion,
In cities or in towns,
There is true born Americans
Enough to put it down.

Know-nothings are
A curious set,
To catch one you
Will have to sweat.

If any tell you,
What they be,
You will never get
That sign from me.

A Dialogue Between The Pope and Devil—Aided by Saint Peter.

(*Peter.*)

Good morning to your Holiness,
I have served you very well;
Now I deliver up to you,
The keys of Heaven and Hell.

And what you bind upon the earth,
The same you do in Heaven,
And you can give the priest that power,
By him sins are forgiven.

You have got power for to make kings,
You can kings overthrow—
It will be an honor for them all,
To bow and kiss your toe.

(*Pope.*)

I always thought you was that rock,
On which the church has stood,
And I will try and do my part,
And do that very good.

And all my subjects they shall be,
Obedient to my call—
And I will write a good smart bull,
And that shall not be all.

For I will make them stand in fear,
Since I have got the power,
And in old Rome will be my home,
Now from this very hour.

(*Peter.*)

Yes Father Pope you are the one,
That lofty place to fill,
For you can make your subjects here,
Obedient to your will.

For there is not a Greek I know,
Or Jew throughout the land,
But says mass in latin, though
'Tis hard to understand.

If they can't read they can count beads,
In that way pray to saints,
And while you live you can forgive,
Their sins and hear complaints.

I think you say America,
You shall possess in time,
But you must send your subjects there,
Or that bell will not chime.

The Yankees then are cunning men,
They'll not allow that thing,
For to be ruled by Pope or priest,
Or any earthly king.

Your Nuncio perhaps may go,
And view that happy land,
But as they say, 'twill be a long day,
Before you get command.

(*Pope.*)

Well Peter since I have the power,
Of transubstantiation,
I can make holy water there,
As well as in this nation.

And I can change the bread and wine,
For that you know will please us,

Into the real living body of
The Lord and Savior Jesus.

And I will build large houses where,
My priests can take their station,
And there the Virgin Mary shall
Be placed to keep that nation.

Then if I please great nunneries,
I'll have for holy sisters,
And there my priests shall have command,
And rule them there as misters.

I have got subjects in all lands,
Who at my bidding go—
From the king upon the throne,
To those poor, mean and low.

And 'tis my aim while I shall live,
To keep them ignorant then,
And if I cannot do that thing,
I shall lose all my men.

(*Peter.*)

Never fear your Holiness,
The Greeks are all for you,
Or the greater part of them,
And they are not a few.

And they believe you give the priest,
Great power from your throne,
And they will to the end of time,
Your power and glory own.

For they can get indulgence here,
If they have cost to pay,
And to the Virgin and the saints
Petition every day.

But their petitions are not heard,
When to the saints they pray,
And time that is spent in that thing,
Is vainly thrown away.

(*Pope.*)

But you know I have long had rule,
Of both the church and State,
And I have often thought that power,
You gave to me was great.

And I have given that power to priests,
You know that very well,
And they have led a multitude
The downward road to hell.

And they keep on until this day,
To pardon sins they think,
And will until the judge shall say,
Your sins are black as ink.

(*Devil.*)

Yes, and I know your Holiness
Has long been ruled by me,
And will until the end of time,
Both on the land and sea.

But then I know my reign is short,
Then we both lose our power,
'Tis then like lightning we shall fall,
Together in one hour.

So we had better both give up,
To rule America—
For that's the last place of our hope,
That I can safely say.

Dialogue Between The Devil and The Pope.

(*Devil.*)

Good morning to your Holiness,
I have good news to tell,
Saint Peter has given up to you,
The keys of Heaven and Hell,

And you have got the power
Delivered now to you,
And you can now do miracles,
What I now say is true.

I hope I shall be with you,
In your nefarious plan,
For I am very artful
To deceive poor sinful man.

And I can do your business,
You know that very well,
Then you and I together,
Can keep the gates of hell.

(*Pope.*)

If what you say my good friend,
Is truth, then you will be,
The best one I can have in Rome,
My Counsellor you see.

And I shall always take you
To be my constant friend,
And if you but stand by me,
I'll reward you in the end.

(*Devil.*)

Your Holiness may now depend,
On me to be your guide,
And I will serve you as a friend,
'Till you are satisfied.

For when you give indulgences,
In England or in France,
For your good subjects there to sin
A long time in advance,

'Tis then you may depend on me
To have that thing done well,
Then I will put them in that place,
Half way 'tween Heaven and Hell.

Your priests can pray them out of there,
If we believe their story.
This place in ancient times they say
It was called purgatory.

Your subjects they may curse and swear,
Get drunk and play the whore,

And beat their wives and children too,
And turn them all out door.

Then go confess unto their priest,
He can their sins forgive,
And that's the way the people say,
All Romans have to live.

(*Pope.*)

What you now say my friend is true,
In every single thing—
Great confidence I place in you,
And I now crown you king.

For tis by you that I can do,
Things to deceive mankind,
And if they do not find this true,
It is because they are blind.

You know I can change bread and wine,
To real flesh and blood,
And make my subjects all believe,
'Tis the living Son of God.

And they believe the church of Rome,
Was first one ever founded—
And by believing this they have
Completely been confounded.

And they can play at forty-five,
And drink old Irish whiskey.
With that drink brandy and strong beer,
And rum till they get frisky.

Then with shilalahs they will fight,
And call them sister, brother,
And give hard love pats day or night,
This way they love each other.

And when one dies they have a wake,
Where they collect together,
And keep it up until morning light,
In every kind of weather.

And when they bury one we know,
They look and act like training,
When from the grave we see them come,
Like Satan they are reigning.

And sabbath morning they 'tend church,
As all good people will,
And afternoon they have a row,
And sometimes people kill.

(*Devil.*)

Well may it please your Holiness,
This is the very thing,
That all your subjects they have done,
Since you first crowned me king.

So then you see 'tween you and me,
We now just make it rub,
While you reign Pope of high degree,
I reign Prince Beelzebub.

Now you can see I take degree,
As well as Father Pope,

And if you do not that allow,
I'm left without a hope.

Now may it please your Holiness,
To share the throne with me,
And while we reign together here,
May both of us agree.

And may we both while on the earth,
Have a good place to dwell,
For all our subjects are so bad,
They deserve to go to hell.

And if their priest can't pray them out,
There we will let them stay,
So now old Father Pope I think,
I have not much more to say,

And if you think I have not done
My duty in this case,
Then you may get another one
For to supply my place.

SHORT PRAYER OF THE AUTHOR.

This dialogue that I have wrote,
The cause of truth may it promote,
May all our people in this land,
The way of truth well understand.

This is my object I can say,
In all I have written by night or day,

And all who read in this small book,
Let them first in their own heart look,

And there they will find enough we say,
Of sin that is not done away;
Then look to him that can forgive,
Their sins and cause them all to live.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

DEAR FATHER:—I am very happy to communicate to you this evening. It will not do for you to stay in Marblehead longer than three days. If you do you will be sick with the rheumatism in your limbs, and you will not prosper. I think you had better put your book in print, because you will make many persons believe in this. Walk in the paths of truth, and we will be with you. But you will have to talk to them pretty hard to make them believe in the spirits; but they will believe after a while. Do father and you will do right. Keep God on your side, and don't hear to any one, but see for yourself. You will not go crazy, and don't believe in peoples saying so. I have not more to say now, but keep God on your side father and trust in him.

Boston, June 12, 1854. ELIZABETH WITHINGTON.

SECOND COMMUNICATION.

DEAR FATHER:—I am happy you called here this evening. You should not talk to that man to-night. He is not to be believed at all times. He thinks he does do the things that are right, but he had not ought

to run this thing down, because it is the spirit of God, and they must believe it, for it is good. Praise God and bless him and he will lead you in the path of truth and righteousness, He will direct you when you cannot yourself. This is the work of God and not of the Devil. The people must not say it is, father. You must explain it as you did to-night. We are a united host, and in heaven we rest with God and all the angels, and are blessed. Trust in God, and you will walk in his path, and you will do right.

ELIZABETH C. WITHINGTON.

THIRD COMMUNICATION.

DEAR FATHER:—I am happy to communicate to you. You had a pleasant time on the Common yesterday, we were all there to guard you. You have made a great manypersons yesterday love God. I am glad you went up there. You have made a great many persons believe in the spirits. Yesterday you saved some of those people from drinking rum or any kind of liquor. O, how good and glorious is God in Heaven. I like to have you come here and sit, because I can write through her better than any one else. Pray night and day, and we will always be with you. We will all rise in Heaven together. Some will go to Heaven and some to Hell, but all the good will fly to Heaven. I must not write any more now.

ELIZABETH WITHINGTON.

June 19.

I do believe spirits,
Who once dwelt in clay,
Have often been with us,
And are with us this day.

They often direct,
My pen when I write,
Whether I do that
By day or by night.

I love to converse,
With the spirits I know,
And I do that often,
Wherever I go.

Although there are some,
Very often will say,
That it is all delusion,
And will soon pass away.

I do not believe
One word that they say,
About the good spirit
Passing away.

For God is a spirit,
We read in his word,
And must be obeyed,
As our common Lord.

The spirits are with him,
And there will remain.

Until that we mortals,
Shall see them again.

Although I am writing,
This thing now in rhyme,
We all shall meet with them,
In a very short time.

The spirits they say,
I should go to the press,
And have this book printed,
Be the same more or less.

Long since I have promised,
The world a small book,
In which those who have
A mind too, can look—

And there they can see,
How the author is led,
To be the Lord's witness,
Between the living and dead.

Here to-day I am in Salem,
And by the spirits I am led;
But it was my last intention,
To have been in Marblehead.

But we know that disappointments
Happen to us every day,

And we know that we shall have it,
Until from earth we pass away.

But while here we must be patient,
Trusting in the God of love,
And on earth we be preparing,
For a mansion far above.

Here our friends may be around us,
On this bright, warm, summer day;
But we now should each remember,
We from earth soon pass away.

Let us who are here remember,
We have friends who have passed away,
And we trust their spirits hover,
All around us here to-day.

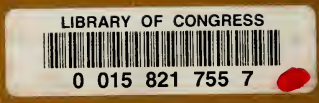
We have no doubt that they are hapyy,
While together in the skies,
And with angels now behold us,
With their immortal spirit eyes.

Let us be with patient waiting,
Until we shall join their host,
Then we shall see them all together,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

COMPOSED, SALEM, June 15.

3477-182
Lot 69

UN 7 8


LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 821 755 7